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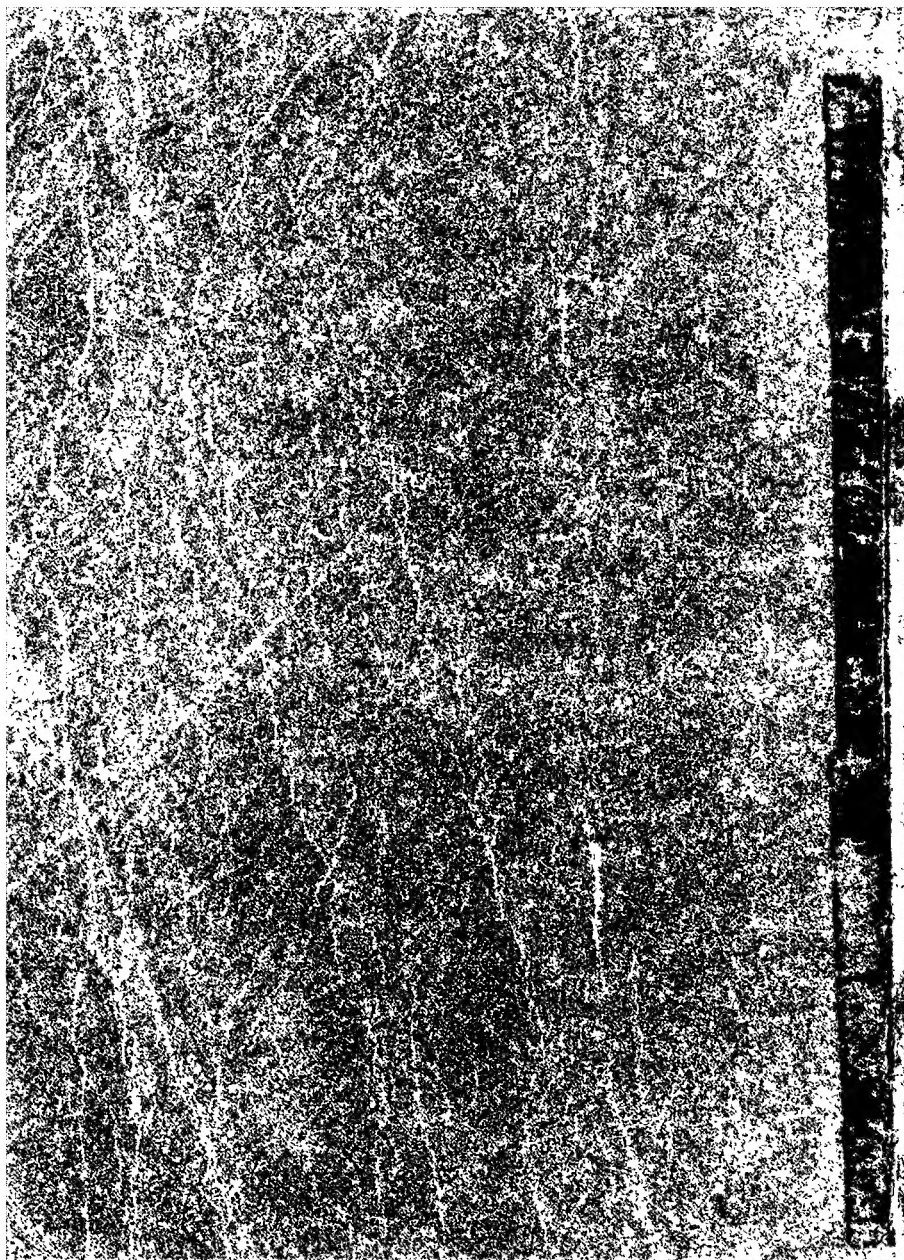
# Poems

by

Arba Murphy Mortimer

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To Mrs. J. M. Ormsd

1328 Scotch St

Regina.

# POEMS

BY

Arba Murphy Mortimer



" . . . May I live, Dear Lord,  
that when I die the world  
may be a little better for my  
having been there."

1895 - 1935

**PURPLE DRAGON BOOK STORE**

**2802 DEWDNEY AVENUE**

**Phone 525-0433 • Regina, Sask.**

**KENVILLE, MANITOBA  
1937**

**D**EDICATED in affectionate  
memory of my beloved  
wife, ARVA, whose last wish  
it was that her verses be passed  
on to her three little girls—  
RILLA, RUBY, and RUTH.

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## BIOGRAPHICAL NOTE

**L**ET each little action that you do  
And each little word you say  
Bring happiness, joy and comfort  
To others along the way.

**A**S early as October, 1913, when Arva Murphy Mortimer was but 18 years of age, she revealed an ability to express in simple verse her philosophies of daily life. This collection of her verses is representative of over twenty years of observation and experience as Rural School teacher, Sunday School teacher and the varied duties of a busy home and motherhood.

On September 2nd, 1935, Mrs. Mortimer related and explained to her husband a wonderful dream. Every happy period of her life—from that day when first she met the one who afterward became her husband—to the days of the illness which was to terminate that earthly companionship were lived over again. It was at the conclusion of the relation of the dream that Mrs. Mortimer collapsed. The following day, September 3rd, 1935, Mrs. Mortimer called her husband to the bedside and said:

"Well, hubby, old dear, I must say good-bye. In a few hours I shall be with Jesus, my Saviour, and I want you to promise me that you will get a Christian woman to look after our three dear little girls. Do not let anyone but a Christian woman look after them. I would like you to get — —, who is a true Christian and would make a perfect mother. There is nothing on earth so important as the souls of our children."

She expressed then a wish to see her daughters, Rilla and Ruby. To them she said:

"Good-bye Rilla and Ruby, dear, promise your mother that you will always love Jesus, and then we shall all meet again in Heaven. I shall be waiting at the Pearly Gates for you. Do not forget to teach baby Ruth all I have taught you about Jesus."

To her nurse she said:

"As much as I love my husband and children, I would not stay in this world any longer if I could. I am going to the Valley of Lilies, where the flowers are always blooming. I am going to the arms of my Saviour, whom I have always loved."

To her doctors (who were in an adjoining room) she said:

"Tell them not to worry about me, they cannot do me any good, as in a few hours I shall be in my Heavenly Home."

To her Minister she smilingly said:

"Please preach a cheerful sermon at my funeral and ask the Baptist Minister at Swan River to help you." And turning to her husband, she said: "Please take me to my little church once again. It was there I met my Saviour and was baptized." Mrs. Mortimer then sang the hymn, "*There's a Church in the Valley by the Wild-wood.*"

At midnight she expressed to those gathered around the bedside how much better she was feeling and how nice it was to feel well again, but before the morning sun had risen she had passed on to her Saviour.

*"Whom to know is Eternal Life."*



## ODE TO A CLASSMATE, WEARING VERY LONG FINGER NAILS

**I**F to China you go, those people might know  
    Why long nails are so becoming;  
But here, oh I fear, whene'er you come near,  
    To escape you, it keeps us all running.  
If the students were dangerous, I would not blame you  
    For wearing your nails long like that;  
But here in our country, we differ from monkeys,  
    And a girl should not look like a cat.

- - -

**A**LL the sky is filled with sunshine,  
    Speckled here and there with rain.  
Every life is filled with gladness,  
    Mingled here and there with pain.

- - -

**O**H, we spend our time in idle fun  
    And there is none to rout us;  
Instead of spreading far God's word  
    To dear friends all about us.  
Then let us up to action, pals,  
    And help a needy brother,  
For is this not the golden rule—  
    "That we love one another?"

## MERCY, GIRLS!

To be sung to tune of "Casey Jones"

**O**F all the girls I ever saw,  
A-romping down the street,  
There's a bunch of them in our high  
That never could be beat;  
For a-wrestling, and a-tumbling  
They are at from nine 'till four,  
Never happy unless knocking  
Some poor mortal 'round the floor.

CHORUS:

Mercy, girls, what's going to happen?  
Mercy, girls, look out for the bumps!  
Mercy, girls, if you don't quit your—  
Why if you don't quit your fooling,  
We'll all have lumps.

The other day I saw one grab  
A fellow 'round the neck.  
But by the look upon his face  
He didn't mind a speck.  
And then another joined the spree,  
And round about did prance,  
Until, alas, between them all  
They tore the young man's pants.

CHORUS:—Mercy, girls, etc.

Ah, yes, they make a pretty sight  
A-mopping up the floor.  
They slop around, and flop around  
Until they must be sore.

Now, dear young maids, take my advice,  
Don't be in such a whirl;  
For actions that are rough and rude  
Disgrace the name of "girl."

CHORUS:—*Mercy, girls, etc.*

- - -

### MY PRAYER

O Jesus, keep me kind and good,  
More pure, Dear Lord, to be;  
That all my words and actions, Lord,  
Will make others think of Thee.

When I am sad and sore distressed,  
Then unto Thee I cry,  
And Thou, who art my shepherd true,  
Wilt never pass me by.

O Lord, who knowest all my needs,  
Please hear my humble prayer,  
And keep my wandering, wavering soul  
From out the tempter's snare.

O guide me at all times, Dear Lord,  
And fill me with Thy love,  
That I may be from day to day  
More fit for Heaven above.

- - -

LET each little action that you do,  
And each little word you say,  
Bring happiness, joy, and comfort,  
To others along the way.

## THE BEACON LIGHT

**T**HE wind raged wildly o'er the deep,  
And swept across the land;  
It made the reeds and willows weep,  
And heaped the smooth grey sand.  
The night was very dark and cold,  
With not a star in sight;  
The weary storm-tossed sailors  
From the moon received no light.

The light-house there upon the rock  
Stood like a sentinel lone;  
The anguished woman in that tower  
Could but wring her hands and moan.  
For she on couch of illness lay,  
So helpless and so frail,  
And her husband, who for aid had gone,  
Was o'ertaken by the gale.

Now, who was there to light the lamp,  
The sailors brave to guide?  
No one except the little maid  
Who played by her mother's side.  
So the mother raised a prayer to God  
To guard the sailors lone;  
To keep her husband in His care  
And bring him safely home.

Then she felt the touch upon her cheek  
Of a small hand soft and warm,  
And before her eyes was the vision sweet  
Of a little childlike form.  
And a voice cried—"Let me light the lamp,  
For mother, you're sick, you know;  
I know that I could climb up there,  
If you'll only let me go."

"Oh, child, you'd surely be afraid  
Up there alone to go,  
Where the night wind howls and gulls on  
their prowls  
Go flapping to and fro."  
"Dear Mother, why should I be 'fraid  
With God close by my side—  
He'll never leave me there alone."  
The little maid replied.

So clasping her darling to her breast,  
And kissing her dimpled cheek,  
She cried to God to give her faith  
And to make strong the weak.  
Then watched her climb the rugged steps  
'Till she was lost to view.  
Then dark and dreary seemed the night  
To the mother heart fond and true.

She waited long through the darkening hours  
While the stealthy night did creep;  
'Till at last she heard the gentle sound  
Of two little hurrying feet.  
And down the maiden lightly stepped  
With a sweet smile on her face—  
"Oh, mother, that light will surely guide  
Them 'round the dangerous place.

With her little one nestling by her side  
The mother watched through that night;  
But joyful news awaited them  
As dawned the morning light.  
Hark! surely someone is near at hand—  
A craft grates on the shore,  
Footsteps ascend the rugged path,  
The sea has ceased to roar.

*The maid roused from her restless sleep,  
The door pushed open wide;  
Admitting a flood of sunlight—  
And her father stepped inside.  
He clasped his daughter to his breast,  
Then bowed beside the bed;  
So tenderly he kissed his wife  
And reverently he said:*

*"Praise God, from whom all blessings flow,"  
(When he had heard her tale)  
"And thank Him for His loving care  
Which kept us through the gale.  
I thank Him for my daughter's faith  
And pray for faith that we  
May bravely face the fiercest gale  
That blows o'er life's roughest sea."*

- - -

*JUST ask your Heavenly Father's aid,  
And do your very best;  
And you'll be ready when it comes  
To bravely stand the test.*

- - -

*GOD is my refuge and guide all the way,  
He'll never forget me, though far I may stray;  
He tenderly leads me where green pastures grow,  
Though often I waver and know not where to go.  
I falter, I stumble, and oft' I do fall,  
But He whispers so gently, I list to his call,  
Then back to His foot-stool of mercy so sweet,  
I pour my heart's sorrows at Jesus dear feet.*

## AN ODE TO MY OWN HOME LAND

**S**WAN River Valley, thou'rt my home,  
And I am very proud to say:  
"I never wish from thee to roam,  
No, never wander far away."  
For if I travelled over lands,  
Or sailed the mighty sea,  
Throughout my endless wanderings  
I'd find no place so fair as thee.

Thy valley rich with fertile soil  
Through which thy numerous rivers flow;  
Thy rolling lands and mountains high,  
Where tall and stately timbers grow.  
Far stretch thy fields of waving grain  
And verdant meadow lands so wide;  
With bounteous garden produce, too,  
Our every need can be supplied.

Fat cattle graze in pastures green;  
Sleek horses, too, and pigs and sheep  
Find plenty to supply their wants  
By streamlets where grass grows knee deep.  
Fine fowl in plenteous numbers dwell,  
Fat chicken, turkeys, ducks and geese.  
Our larders are so well supplied—  
Our blessings ever do increase.

Wild fowl and game of many kinds  
Within thy wooded lands do roam,  
And hunters come from far and wide  
To carry many trophies home.  
We have a few drawbacks, of course—  
Such as mosquitoes with their stings,  
Potato bugs and flies here dwell—  
But troubles nearly all have wings.

And so my valley, dear, to thee  
I pen a line of grateful praise.  
Thou art my happy dwelling place  
And have been since my childhood days.  
I would not change my home land fair  
For any land nor far nor wide.  
While life doth last thou art my home  
I hope to ever here abide.

- - -

THE cut-worm is a busy boy,  
His motto must be "Speed"—  
He gobbles up the garden stuff  
But never eats a weed.  
If you and he should chance to meet,  
Just say, "Good-bye, my dear!"  
For if you send him to Hong-Kong  
We'll never shed a tear.

- - -

THE more we get, the more we want  
And we keep wishing every day,  
'Till soon the joys we now possess  
Will have vanished all away.

- - -

THERE'S only a little fun, dears,  
There's only a little sigh;  
And then life's journey's done, dears,  
And then it's our turn to die.  
Let's spend more time upon our knees,  
And less of it in giddy sprints,  
If our dear Saviour we would please.



## ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL

"ODE TO MY BEST PAL"

**T**HERE once was a restless boy  
Who lived in a land o'er the sea,  
His heart was as true as pure gold  
And his eyes were as blue as could be.

He loved his dear mother and dad,  
And friends he had by the score.  
Yet never content was he—  
Still he longed for something more.

His seventeenth year sped by,  
At last he made up his mind  
He'd sail o'er the rolling waves  
And there his fortune he'd find.

So he told his plans to his dad,  
And his mother so wise and good;  
They shook their heads and smiled,  
But go he must and would.

Then they wisely thought and planned—  
These parents good and true.  
Oh, how could they spare their boy?  
Oh, what were they to do?

Then they thought of a distant kin,  
On Africa's far-off shore;  
And they said, "We will send him there,  
He cannot ask for more."

So he bade them a fond farewell  
And set sail on the billowy deep.  
While they lifted their hearts to "Him,"  
Who alone their child could keep.

He sailed for many a day,  
And a sailor good was he;  
But when Cape Town's harbor they neared,  
He was glad the land to see.

Oh, many and strange were the sights  
He view'd in that distant land;  
And oft' he longed for his home,  
And the clasp of his father's hand.

In an office, close and dim,  
He toiled for many a day;  
'Till his cheeks grew pale and thin,  
And his heart no longer gay.

Then he said, "I have made a mistake,  
No fortune here do I see;  
I thought I'd find diamonds and gold,  
To carry home with me."

"Back I'll haste to my dear English home,  
For here longer I cannot stay;  
Why, there's nothing but work, work, work,  
From dawn 'till the close of day."

So never a fortune at all  
Carried home that restless boy,  
But they hailed him with shouts and cheers,  
And met him with tears of joy.

. . . . .  
The days sped by, one by one,  
And content he tried to be;  
But he said, "There's a voice that calls,  
From the outside world to me.

*I will go to the 'Wooly West'—  
To Canada, wild and free;  
And bears and wolves will I shoot,  
And Indians there will I see."*

*So he wrote to his brother, who'd gone  
To that country so far away,  
That he'd land on Canada's shore  
On a not far distant day.*

*He laughed—"Perhaps I'll bring  
Back an Indian maid, as a bride."  
And away went our restless boy  
Once more o'er the rolling tide.*

*Then he wrote to his sweetheart at home,  
And begged her to come o'er the sea,  
To taste of this grand free life  
And how happy they would be!*

*But she would not leave  
Her dear old English home,  
Tho' the boy she professed to love  
Was so very sad and lone.*

*So he wrote her a fond farewell,  
And said, "We were meant to part,  
For I'd never marry a girl  
If other things shared her heart."*

*In Canada's Northern West  
He toiled on the fruitful land  
'Till his cheek had a ruddy glow  
And his muscle like iron band.*

But oft' his heart would ache  
For the old folk at home so dear,  
And he longed for one who would speak  
A word of love and cheer.

Then at last there came a day  
When the world had a different hue,  
Tho' the sun was the same old sun,  
And the sky not a mite more blue.

But a girl with golden hair,  
And eyes so much like his own  
Came into his heart to stay,  
And made that heart her throne.

Then he whistled the livelong day,  
While the birds caroled back from  
the trees.  
And e'en he could hear her laugh  
In the little piping breeze.

And could see her eyes in the pool,  
So deep with sparkling blue;  
And he loved her well, for he knew  
That her heart was pure and true.

And happy were they, as the birds,  
'Till, alas, the sky turned grey!  
For she misunderstood his jokes  
And sent him, heart-broken, away.

Then the awful sound of guns  
From the far-away motherland came,  
And he marched away with the boys  
To fight in Freedom's name.

What cared he for shot or shell?  
What mattered if he were to die?  
She had cruelly misjudged him, and now  
The sun had gone from his sky.

He prayed to the Father of all,  
When his lass had bid him depart,  
To teach her to understand,  
He still was her lover at heart.

While the girl with the yellow locks  
Had a heart that was heavy and sad,  
For she knew not the ways of the world,  
And she did so love her lad.

But why, oh why, had he said  
Those things that had hurt her so;  
He surely had loved her not,  
Then 'twere better that he should go.

She poured out her soul to Him  
Who had suffered and died on the cross;  
That He'd teach her to understand  
And help her to bear her loss.

And two there were, lonely and sad,  
In lands that were far apart;  
All because they had not learned  
To know each other's heart.

So he fought with a courage bold  
'Neath the burst of screaming shell,  
Or rushed with his comrades brave  
As it were to the mouth of hell.

But she wrote him never a line,  
    'Tho her heart was bleak and sore;  
For she felt that he loved her not,  
    Then why should she trouble him more.

When the grim old war god ceased  
    To ravage and plunder and kill,  
There came a November day  
    When the guns at last were still.

Then, after the grind of the march,  
    With hearts once again light and free;  
Sailed back the boys that were left  
    To their homes across the sea.

Then again came the restless boy  
    To Canada's smiling shore,  
And his heart beat high with hope—  
    That heart that was once so sore.

He thought, she will see her mistake,  
    I am sure she cannot fail;  
For I think of my last glimpse of her  
    When her cheek was so ghostly pale.

I will look at her heart through her eyes,  
    And hidden so deep I will see—  
That love that I saw 'Auld Lang Syne'  
    That wonderful love-light for me.

But the dear Unseen One looked down  
    With His merciful Father love,  
And tenderly guided their lives  
    From His great white throne above.

For their natures were not yet well grooved,  
There were many rough edges still,  
That would rub, and chafe and mar  
Their love, and their happiness kill.

. . . . .  
Then at last there did come a day  
In the hazy Fall of the year;  
When they met and understood  
With never a sigh nor a tear.

Then two hearts beat fast with joy,  
As they lifted their eyes above  
And thanked Him with brimming heart.  
Who had taught them the meaning  
of love.

In a cozy wee nest made for two,  
May they live and laugh and dream;  
Each pleasing the other and both pleasing  
God,  
And happiness reigning supreme.

- - -

I LOVE the rustling breezes,  
The willowy skies of blue;  
The twitter of birds in the maples,  
A friendship sincere and true.  
I love the blue of the mountains,  
The green of the leafy tree;  
I look up toward Heaven and wonder  
Why God did all this for me.

## CHRISTMAS CHEER

**C**HRISTMAS frost is in the air  
Christmas joy is everywhere.  
Though the dough is hard to get  
And you say "We're poor, you bet"—  
Just remember this my friend  
And sweet peace will you attend.  
Wealth ain't just what you possess,  
Now you've got another guess.  
Wealth is in the heart of man,  
Who's doing all the good he can:  
Helping lift a brother's load  
As he struggles up life's road.  
If you think that you're hard hit  
And your champing on the bit,  
Look around and thou wilt see  
Someone far worse off than thee.  
If some joy you can impart  
To a lonely brother's heart,  
You will find that Christmas Cheer  
Is ever reigning far and near.

- - -

**H**ARVEST days are here again  
With the pleasant harvest sound,  
See the golden stooks of grain  
Dotted over all the ground.  
Meadows rich with fragrant hay,  
Gardens, too, with bounteous store,  
God's own loving hand provides  
Should we ask for blessings more?



## GOD'S HAND

I LOVE to see the buds pop out  
Upon the naked trees;  
I love to hear the babbling brook  
And feel Spring's gentle breeze;  
I love to see the emerald tints,  
Spread o'er the dead brown fields  
And know that neath that lifeless sod  
Lay slumbering harvest's yields;  
I love to hear the robin's chirp,  
Arising from the wood;  
It seems to me he comes once more  
To tell us God is good.

I love to smell the fragrant flowers,  
And see the bees go buzzing 'round;  
And all the little living things  
That everywhere abound.  
I love the dreamy summer days,  
The sunshine and the showers;  
I'd love to lie upon the grass  
And watch the sky for hours;  
I love to see the fluffy clouds  
All scudding through the blue,  
They make me think "God's peeping down,  
To watch o'er me and you."

I love the lazy Autumn days,  
The hazy Autumn sky,  
With berries ripe and nuts aglow,  
The woods our needs supply.  
I love the gorgeous Autumn tints,  
The scarlet and the gold;  
I love the glowing harvest fields,  
That hold a wealth untold.

*It is the time of gathering in  
From garden, field and wood;  
Our father doth supply our needs,  
We know that He is good.*

*Then Winter comes with tinkling bells  
And sparkling ice and snow,  
With curling smoke, and tingling cheek  
And fires all aglow.  
It brings the time of needed rest,  
To all the weary earth;  
It brings the Happy Christmas-tide—  
The Christ child's lowly birth.  
So as the seasons come and go,  
Spring, Summer, Winter, Fall;  
We see the magic of God's hand—  
We know he planned them all.*

- - -

## **FAREWELL TO SCHOOL DAYS**

*A*H, Latin, dear, you are so queer,  
And so bewildering, too.  
To understand you just a bit  
It takes sharp brains, 'tis true.  
And mine are getting rusty,  
With constant years of wear,  
So to give these instruments a rest  
You know 'tis only fair.  
Ah, yes, it makes my heart ache  
To part with friends so dear;  
But to study Latin day and night,—  
It makes my head go queer.  
And so, "Farewell" to school days,  
"Good-bye" to pals so true;  
But as I journey on through life  
I'll often think of you.

## "SMILE"

**T**IS easy enough to be pleasant,  
And so it was said of old,  
When life flows along like a beautiful song  
And the sun gleams out like gold;  
When no dark cloudlet mars your sky  
And all around is bright,  
And it's easy enough to peaceable be  
When there's no one with whom to fight.

When everyone does just what you wish  
And you've money enough to spend;  
When you're blessed with health and prosperity.  
You can smile to the very end.  
But when your sky is ashen gray  
And cloudlets gather fast,  
It's a different thing to pleasant be  
And wear a smile that will last.

When everyone in the house, you're sure,  
Just seems looking for a row,  
And irritates you at every word,  
It's hard to whistle, I trow.  
When every cent is going out  
And there's nothing coming in,  
It's hard to keep the frowns away  
And meet the world with a grin.

But what credit have you for wearing a smile  
When there's nothing to make you sad?  
And what credit have you for being good  
When there's nothing to make you bad?  
It's the man or woman, boy or girl  
Who can smile on the darkest day,  
Or sing a song as he jogs along  
Through the dust and heat of the way.

*It's the one who counts the blessings he's got  
And leaves his worries behind  
Or who'll stand out for right in the face of all odds,  
That's the one who is hard to find.  
Don't take all the credit for what you have got  
And blame the Lord for your woes,  
Be thankful for health and food and friends,  
Be thankful for shelter and clothes.*

*For everyone hates a grumpy old grouch,  
Each has troubles enough of his own;  
And don't keep your smiles for when you are out,  
Just try a few on at home.  
So gird on your armor of sunshine and mirth  
And meet the world with a smile;  
For 'tis happiness that to others we give  
That really makes life worth while.*

- - -

**I**T'S a long, long trail I'm travelling,  
To the land of Endless Day,  
And oft'times I'm footsore and weary,  
And oft'times I fall by the way;  
Sometimes I am scratched by the brambles,  
Sometimes I lose sight of the goal,  
But my Pilot who leadeth me onward  
Will never lose sight of my soul.  
He carries me on when I'm weary,  
He lifteth me up when I fall—  
And tho' I have stepped off the pathway,  
I hasten right back at His call.

## MR. CHEERFUL

I KNOW a pleasant little man  
Who always seems so gay;  
He never casts a bit of gloom  
Upon his toilsome way.  
And though his skies are seldom blue  
Though often they are gray,  
He'll always meet you with a smile  
That drives your blues away.  
If I should say, in passing him,  
"I hate this horrid rain!"  
He says—"I love to see it come,  
It helps to swell the grain."  
And when the sun is beaming down  
And, oh, it's awful hot,  
He says, "'Twill cure your rheumatiz  
And all the ails you've got."  
And so he finds some happiness  
In heat, or cold, or showers,  
Too bad there weren't more like him  
In this old world of ours!

- - -

IT'S easy enough to be blue  
An' get yourself all in a stew,  
But after all is said and done,  
It spoils the fun  
For you and other folks, too.

Now there was a young lady named Gay  
An' she smiled and she laughed all the day,  
An when she was gone  
Her laugh still rang on  
In other folks' hearts, so they say.

## THE GOLDEN WEDDING DAY

(Composed and dedicated to Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Cotton)

**T**WAS fifty years ago today  
Since she stood there, by your side  
And you looked down so lovingly  
At her, your happy, fair young bride.  
Can you recall how sweet she looked,  
With fragrant flowers and dainty dress?  
Your heart's desire would be fulfilled,  
When such a wife you did possess.

And did you lift a thankful heart  
To one above, who'd give to you,  
Through cloud and sunshine e'er to be  
A pal so loving, kind and true?  
Can you recall your happy home,  
That little nest just built for two,  
Where all your work just seemed like play,  
And you so loved to bill and coo?

And then those little pattering feet,  
Came toddling 'cross your waiting floor,  
Your cup of joy was brimming full  
You could not ask for blessings more.  
Then as you lived, and loved and toiled,  
Through all those happy golden days,  
Together working hand in hand,  
Your children taught to sing His praise.

"God honors him who honors God"—  
This was, I'm sure, your motto grand;  
For he has blessed you, dear old friends,  
With health and wealth and glowing lands.  
And as you gather here today,  
Your children's children 'round your knee,  
We pray that he will bless you both  
On this your anniversary.

## **"HOME"**

**T**HERE'S a spot that to me is the dearest  
Though all through the world I may roam.  
A spot that you might think the queerest,  
It's the little old spot I call "Home."

For it's paintless and homely and ancient,  
No architect's eye would it please;  
But to me it is cozy and home-like,  
For it nestles 'neath wide spreading trees.

There the fireside seems just a mite warmer  
And I'm sure of a welcoming smile,  
That gladdens my heart when I'm weary  
And makes dulllest work seem worth while.

Though I travel through woodland or prairie,  
'Cross mountain or wide boundless sea,  
There is always one spot I long for,  
'Cause happiness waits there for me.

There the sound of sweet childish laughter  
Ever fills me with pleasure untold,  
For love and peaceful contentment  
Are treasures far dearer than gold.

- - -

**T**HE "beam" in my own eye I never see,  
While the "mote" in brother's looks large as a tree;  
Oh friends, if ourselves we'd examine more near,  
There'd be far less of sorrow and far more of cheer.

## FOR MOTHER'S DAY

**T**HE Golden moments of my life,  
If I had only known,  
Were those sweet days on Mother's knee,  
Those days so quickly flown.

When just a tiny babe, I lay  
There in her gentle arm,  
Her very life she would have given  
To shelter me from harm.

How tenderly she watched me grow,  
With loving Mother eye;  
Rejoicing in my happy hours  
And sorrowing at my cry.

Ah, Mother dear, what days of toil  
And anxious nights of care!  
Unselfishly you gave for me  
Nor ceased your loving prayer:

"That God would keep me from all harm  
And lead me in his way."  
And now that I have older grown  
I know that you still pray:

"Lest we become as children small,  
We'll never enter in  
Where Jesus waits at Pearly Gates,  
All pure and free from sin."

So let us feel, on Mother's Day,  
We're little children still;  
Let's consecrate our lives afresh  
And her fond hopes fulfil.



## GETTING MORE'N YA WANT WHAT DON'T BELONG TO YA

**S**OME folk get the measles,  
Some folk get the mumps,  
Some folk get the whooping cough,  
Some folk just get the dumps.  
Some folk get broken ankles,  
Some folk get hives galore,  
Some folk don't want the things they've got  
And some folk look for more.

If you got jest what you wanted—  
An' sure 'nuff so did I,  
We'd allers keep a-laughin',  
We'd never ever cry.  
But since you got what I don't want,  
An' I'm the same as you,  
We'd better grin and bear it,  
An' the Lord will see us through.

- - -

## HARVEST

**T**HE glowing harvest time once more is here,  
The golden stooks spread o'er the ripened field;  
The meadow rich with fragrant hay,  
And gardens ripe with Autum's gladsome yield.  
We scattered far the seed upon the ground  
And eagerly we watched to see it rise,  
But greater power than ours brought it forth,  
By sending rain and sunshine from the skies.  
Now when we see our harvest's glowing yield,  
With promise rich our needs to all supply,  
Oh, let us render thanks where it is due,  
And lift our thankful faces to the sky.

## MY SUN

**H**OW nice it is to see the sun  
A-smiling in the sky,  
He tells us, in his jovial way,  
The rain has all passed by.

He's turned the dark clouds inside out  
To show their lining bright;  
The gloom all vanishes in air  
Before his shining light.

The heavenly Father is my sun,  
He turns my night to day;  
He floods my soul with sunshine bright  
That cannot fade away.

So when the black clouds gather 'round  
And all my light grows dim,  
I'll never fear the darkest hours  
If I stay close to Him.

- - -

## A FRIEND

**T**HOUGH tossed about by storms of doubt  
And burdened down with woe,  
Whenever I need a safe retreat,  
To Jesus Christ I go.

When little trifles do annoy,  
And I am feeling mad;  
I whisper to Him, "Help me, Lord!"  
And he just makes me glad.

**T**HE bravest are not those whose names  
Are written in the book of fame,  
Whose laurels won thru valient deed  
Are chalked so high in burning flame.

The bravest are not only those  
Who face the battle's burning glare,  
Or cross the desert's scorching sand,  
Or oceans wild to do and dare.

The bravest are the patient souls  
Who sit at home in helpless state,  
And keep a smiling countenance  
Tho inwardly their hearts must break.

Who face the cruel world they meet  
With cheerful courage, day by day,  
And keep a smiling countenance  
But bravely trust in God and pray.

- - -

### ONLY A HANDKIE

**Y**OU can crush me between your fingers,  
You can press me against your nose;  
You can drown me, or hang me, or crush me  
But I'll never be one of your foes.

I'll never break when you crush me,  
No matter how often I bend;  
I'll still be your humble servant  
And serve to the very end.

## IN HEAVEN

**T**HE very gates are shining pearl,  
The streets are paved with gold;  
Where every tear's wiped from our eye  
And there's no night, we're told.  
And, oh, what wondrous joy 'twill be,  
Without a pain or care;  
But Heaven would not be Heaven to me  
If loved ones were not there.

Oh! what a bitter anguish  
When from this earth we go;  
If one that we love on earth  
In Heaven we did not know.  
But Christ himself has promised  
All will be joy and love,  
So let us think in Heaven  
We'll meet with those we love.

- - -

## GOD'S GIFTS

**I** LOVE the rustling breeze,  
The billowy sky of blue,  
The twitter of birds in the maples,  
A friendship sincere and true.

I love the blue of the mountains,  
The green of the leafy tree;  
I look up toward heaven and wonder  
Why has God done all this for me?

## DEDICATED TO MY FRIEND RUTH

**T**WAS just about a year ago,  
As we remember well,  
That we sat by your side  
While a story you did tell.

Our hearts were filled with pity then,  
Our eyes with tears were wet;  
We loved you as our own dear girl,  
We were so glad we'd met.

We prayed that we might help you then,  
We prayed you'd happy be,  
And now the sun is peeping through—  
God planned it all you see.

Through every cloud that floats your way  
Throughout the coming years,  
May you see sunbeams peeping through  
To drive away your fears.

Our heavenly Father loves us all,  
He guides the way we take;  
If we just put our trust in Him,  
He'll never us forsake.

- - -

**I** HAVE a friend who just drops in  
To cheer me on my way;  
I love to see her pleasant face  
And wish that she might stay.

She doesn't stop my daily tasks,  
But helps me rush them thru;  
I thank the Lord who's given me  
A friend so kind and true.

## ODE TO OUR BOX CAR

**T**HERE'S a little old car in the West,  
    'Tis the spot that my heart loveth best;  
    For there all alone  
    Lives a boy of my own,  
Now, hark! and I'll whisper the rest.

He works and he plans all the day  
For his little girl, I've heard him say.  
    So that's why I'm glad  
    And not often sad  
And love the car by the way.

A boy I love with all my heart,  
    He lives there all alone;  
And I'm just wild to live there too  
    And make that car my home.

He's lonely, sad and tired, I know,  
    Of waitin' there for me;  
But don't you fret, I'll get there yet—  
    The months to wait are three.

## DISAPPOINTMENTS

**L**IFE is full of disappointments,  
Some are great and some are small;  
And we often pause and wonder,  
Why such things should be at all!

Sometimes little passing pleasures  
Banished are because of rain,  
Sometimes mighty hopes have vanished  
And our hearts are filled with pain.

Why should showers spoil our outings?  
Why not come another day?  
Why should dark clouds mar the sunlight,  
Why should shadows cross our way?

When our hearts rejoice in gladness,  
And our hopes are mounting high,  
Then we sing aloud, Hosannah!  
Shouting praises to the sky.

Yet when bitter disappointment  
Strikes us with a staggering blow,  
Often then we wonder sadly—  
Does God care, or really know?

Yes, we know He sends the showers,  
Freshening all the thirsty land;  
Golden grain—our bounteous harvest—  
Comes from God's almighty hand.

If no deepening shadows ever  
Dimmed the radiance of the sky,  
Plant life soon would droop and wither,  
Emerald tints would parch and dry.

*So would life with hopes undaunted  
Hardened be—just parched and dry—  
If no softening tear drops ever  
Come to moisten heart and eye.*

*Let us never be discouraged  
Though dark clouds may come our way;  
Trust God through sunshine or shadows,  
There will come a brighter day.*

- - -

## **LIFE**

**L**IFE is full of disappointments,  
Some are great and some are small;  
And we often wonder sadly,  
Does God care for us at all?

*Oft' our hearts bow down in sorrow,  
In our eye there glints a tear;  
Life is full of disappointments—  
Does our Father really hear?*

*Ah! He plants the tender violets  
Growing shyly in the dell;  
Clothes the flowers of the meadows,  
Paints each little lily bell.*

*And He feeds the little sparrows  
Twittering there so merrily.  
If He loves the birds and flowers  
He still cares for you and me.*



## TREES

(Written specially for my little girls, Rilla and Ruby)

**T**HE trees are outdoor friends of mine—  
The tiny fir, the towering pine,  
The maple in her silky dress,  
The poplars, where the birdies nest.

I love their cooling Summer shade,  
Their rustle in the silent glade,  
Their emerald greens, their Autumn hue,  
I love the friendly trees, I do.

In Summer time, when breezes blow,  
They rock my hammock to and fro;  
But in the Winter time, I guess,  
I love the little spruce the best.

I love him, standing in my house,  
As quiet as a little mouse;  
For then I know when he is here,  
Old Santa Claus is very near.

## MY PRAYER

DEAR Saviour, guide my wavering step each day,  
For I am very weak and full of sin.  
Oh, cleanse my heart from every unkind thought  
And make me spotless, clean and pure within.

And wilt thou ever keep my restless tongue—  
That little member like a poisonous dart,  
That alters words, I never can recall,  
Though thoughts of them would almost break  
my heart.

Oh, give me patience for my daily tasks,  
To guide my precious little ones a-right,  
That I may lead them upward to Thy throne,  
O lend me wisdom, Lord, to show me light!

Help me, dear Lord, to ever watchful be  
For little deeds of love that I may do;  
Just help me follow now the golden rule,  
As my small daily tasks I do pursue.

And may I never be afraid to speak  
To those who wander from the fold a-far,  
To try and turn them from their sinful paths  
And help them find Thee, ere they cross the Bar.

If worldly cares would never thrust Thee out,  
And I could ever feel Thy presence near,  
I never would be burdened down with care,  
My life would radiate Thy love and cheer.

## MOTHERHOOD

**A** MOTHER'S life spells "sacrifice,"  
A mother's life spells "care";  
All mingled through are "joy" and "pain,"  
All for the child she bear.

Whether a babe in her mother's arms,  
Or whether to womanhood grown;  
The mother's love tenderly follows on  
For she still is a babe of her own.

The child cannot know what that mother love means  
She knows not of the heartache and tear;  
But the mother love silently bears the ache  
All for her child so dear.

The mother love tender and deep as it seems  
Spoils the child and oft spares the rod;  
But nothing compares with the patience and love  
For his child in the heart of our God.

- - -

## SPRING

**I** LOOK from my window  
And there do I see  
The green grass a-creeping  
All o'er the brown lea.  
And wee dandelions,  
As yellow as gold,  
Just seem to be whimpering  
Away with the cold.  
The leaves all a-peeping  
From each budding bough  
Reminds us that spring  
Is here with us now.

*Mr Hogg Farm*

---

## A PEACEFUL EVENING SCENE

A GOLDEN path of shining light  
Across the pond the moonbeams pour  
As from behind the azure hills  
That shining face appears once more.  
In peaceful splendour lies the slope,  
Clad in its gown of emerald hue;  
How soothing are the shades of night,  
The gentle breeze, the sky's pale blue;  
The sheep in quiet comradeship  
Have gathered here in grand array  
Enjoying sweet refreshing cool  
After the scorching heat of day.

Now to and fro they float about  
O'er the moonbeams' path of gold;  
Those little specks of shining white  
Resembling sailing ships of old.  
The birdies twitter lullabys,  
Rocked in their cradles to and fro,  
Old Bess and Spot trudge down the lane,  
For it is milking time they know.  
This tranquil scene of quietude  
Doth fill my soul with pure delight.  
I thank God for this peaceful scene  
And for sweet restfulness of night.

## MY NEIGHBOR

**I** HAVE a neighbor kind and true,  
She lives just o'er the way;  
She pops in just to say "Hello!"  
She has no time to stay.

She tells me nice things she has heard,  
Something to make me glad;  
She never says an unkind word,  
She cheers me when I'm sad.

She understands when I'm heaped with work,  
And cannot get all through.  
She always lends a willing hand,  
This good old friend so true.

A real friend is a friend in need,  
And so 'twas said of old—  
I have a good old neighbor friend,  
Her heart's as good as gold.

## LONGINGS

**J**UST to hear the birdies warbling  
In the rustling leafy trees;  
Just to see blue sky above me  
And feel summer's gentle breeze;  
Just to hear the bees a-buzzing,  
'Mongst the lovely fragrant flowers;  
These are what my soul has yearned for  
Through the cold, dark winter hours.

Just to feel God's presence near me,  
All through sorrow's lonely night;  
When I feel that all is darkness  
And I cannot see the light;  
Just to hear His dear voice saying:  
"Lean on Me, My arm is near."  
These, dear Lord, my soul has yearned for,  
More than worldly treasures dear.

- - -

**I** LOVE the gentle evening breeze  
That filters through the lacy trees;  
It soothes my hot and furrowed brow  
In some strange way, I know not how;  
It whispers of mysterious things,  
Of downy nests and snuggling wings,  
Of flowers that close their eyes  
Until the sun says "time to rise."  
It croons to sleep the tired night  
And brings glad tidings of the light—  
A scene so peaceful, seems to me  
To whisper of a better land,  
Where all is joy and peace and love  
Upon the glorious golden strand.

## MY DEAR LOVING SAVIOUR

(Sing to the tune of "Showers of Blessing.")

I HAVE a dear loving Saviour,  
A friend Who is so kind and true,  
And, oh, how I want you to love Him,  
For He will be your Saviour too.

### CHORUS:

Dear, dear, loving Saviour,  
You are my friend kind and true,  
And, oh, I want others to love You,  
For you will be their Saviour too.

He slumbered so sweet in a manger,  
Yes, humble and gentle was He;  
Then through hardship he grew to manhood,  
And shed His life's blood on a tree.

He could have called on His Father  
To save Him from that death of shame,  
But He gave His life as our ransom  
That we might be saved through His name.

If we but ask Him to forgive us  
For everything wrong we have done,  
He will flood our poor souls with His glory  
More radiant, yes, than the sun.

We will feel His dear arms about us,  
To strengthen and keep all the way  
Throughout the dark hours of the midnight  
And the bright shining hours of the day.

*And when our life's work is over  
And we're nearing the far distant shore;  
We'll not be afraid of the river  
For our Saviour will guide us safe o'er.*

*And, oh, what a glory awaits us,  
No suffering, no heart ache or tears;  
In our beautiful heavenly mansion,  
With our loved ones and Saviour so dear.*

- - -

### **IF I BUT KNEW**

**D***EAR Saviour, if I could but rise  
Above the petty things of life,  
Forgetting all the little ills,  
The jangling and the strife;  
If I could keep before my fading sight  
A vision of Thy tender smile—  
How trifling would my worries seem  
And only Thy work seem worth while.*

*If I but knew those friends I've loved  
And tried to save  
Would follow Thee and thus escape  
A hopeless grave;  
I'd soon forget the heartaches  
And the tears—  
For just to feel Thy presence near  
Would banish all my fears.*



## MAY

I PEEP from my window  
And what do I see—  
The green grass a-creeping  
O'er all the brown lea;  
The dandelions smiling  
With faces of gold  
Seem all to be shouting:  
"Away with the cold."  
The leaves all a-peeping  
From each budding bough  
Remind us that spring time  
Is here with us now.  
The robin is chirping  
So happy and gay,  
He seems to be saying:  
"Cheer up! This is May."

- - -

## CHILDREN

HAPPY little children playing on my floor,  
Though the day be dismal and the rain doth pour;  
Why should I be gloomy though the day be drear  
With their merry laughter ringing in my ear.

Oft I hear them quarrel in their little way,  
But they kiss and soon make up, and again they play.  
We are little children with a Father's love,  
And a Father's tender eye watching from above.

If we could be like them—happy, gay and free—  
We would be more fitted for eternity;  
And we'd know whatever crosses we must bear,  
Nothing e'er can harm us in our Father's care.

## BED TIME

TWO little pairs of dimpled arms  
Are hugging me so tight,  
Two pairs of lips like sweetest flowers  
Are kissing me "Good Night";  
Two pairs of cheeks like roses pink  
And eyes like violets bright,  
And little bodies soft and warm,  
I hug them with delight.  
And then they bend their little knees  
Beside their mother there  
And Christ who hears our faintest plea,  
Lists to a baby's prayer.  
I tuck them snugly into bed,  
And sing the evening hymn,  
And as in tenderness I gaze,  
My watching eyes grow dim.  
Two happy little faces there  
In slumber's sweet repose.  
Guide them, dear Lord, o'er life's rough sea  
'Gainst every wind that blows.

- - -

## TRUST

I DO not know what lies beyond this life,  
No mortal eye can scan across death's sea;  
I only know if I but live for Him,  
All will be well for me.

I look beyond the sunset's golden line  
To where He seems to sink in quiet sleep  
And know that when I reach my sunset time  
I'll trust in Him, and He my soul will keep.

## HIS GIFTS

**"THE** cattle on a thousand hills are mine"  
The Lord has said;  
So is thy silver and thy gold,  
And so thy daily bread.

He gives the very air we breathe,  
The very bread we eat;  
The grass that feeds our flocks and herds,  
The dainty roses sweet.

He gives to us the warbling birds  
That cheer us on our way;  
He gives the restful hush of night,  
The cheering light of day.

He gives us eyes and hearing, too,  
And voice to sing His praise;  
Then let us use these gifts for Him  
Through all our living days.

And why not render to Him thanks,  
For praise to Him is due;  
'Tis God, thy loving Lord above,  
Who gives all gifts to you.

## MY SAVIOUR

**I** HAVE a dear, loving Saviour,  
A friend Who is so kind and true,  
And, oh, how I want you to know Him,  
For He will be your Saviour too.  
So sweetly He slept in a manger,  
For humble and gentle was He;  
Then thro' hardship He grew to manhood  
And shed His life's blood on a tree.

In His dear hands they left the cruel nail prints,  
In His side was the mark of a spear,  
Oh, what agony He must have suffered,  
My kind loving Saviour so dear.  
He could have called hosts of Angels  
To save Him from that death of shame,  
But He gave His life as our ransom  
That we might be saved thro' his name.

All He asks is that you might believe him  
And love Him with heart, soul and mind,  
And, oh, what a peaceful contentment,  
In knowing this dear friend you'll find.  
Just take all your troubles to Jesus,  
Ask Him to forgive all your sin,  
Then you'll find what a wonderful comfort  
Will flood all your dear heart within.

And then when our life work is over,  
And we're nearing the sunset shore;  
We will not be afraid of the river  
For our Saviour will pilot us o'er.  
And, oh, what a glorious morning,  
No heartache, no weeping, no pain;  
When we gather in Heaven with Jesus  
And meet all our loved ones again.

## FRIENDSHIP

**T**HE ones that are the nearest,  
The ones we love the dearest,  
Are the ones we use severest,  
Strange—but true.

They're the ones we often slight  
And the ones we sometimes spite;  
Yet for them we'd always fight;  
Strange—but true.

Friends sometimes are gone tomorrow  
When we're burden'd down with sorrow,  
And we wish something to borrow;  
Strange—but true.

Real friends stick to us in trouble,  
And their kindness always double  
If we're in an awful muddle;  
Strange—but true.

When real friends stand the test  
And prove truer than the rest,  
Let us try and use them best;  
Me and you.

## THE JOKE

**T**HROUGH the shady forest, 'neath the towering pine,  
'Long the mossy pathway, steal these feet of mine.  
Piles and piles of lovely cones under every tree,  
Birdies in the leafy boughs, squirrels, too, I see;  
Violets peeping at me, as along I run,  
'Tis so cool and quiet—just the place for fun.  
Now around a little bend, just ahead I see,  
Shiny silvery river runs a race with me.  
I will throw some stones in, just to hear them splash,  
Great big crow comes flying down, off again I dash.  
Now I see a wheat field shining pure as gold,  
I must not run through it, so I've oft' been told.

Path runs all around it, I'll run on again;  
Oh, I feel so happy when I'm only ten.  
Hark! there's someone just ahead sitting 'neath a tree,  
I will creep up slowly—quiet as can be.  
It's a pair of lovers, sure as I'm a girl;  
Maybe he will kiss her, my heart is in a whirl.

P'rhaps I'll hear them making love, if I quiet be,  
I'll just stop an listen—hide behind this tree.  
My, they're awful quiet, never said a word;  
I've been here a long time—not a sound I heard.  
Guess I'll jump an scare 'em, now I'll holler "Boo!"  
Make 'em yell, an' jump an' run, 'fore my scarin's  
through.

What! They never moved an inch—quiet as can be—  
Oh, they're just a pair of scare crows, the joke is all on  
me.

## THE ROAD TO HOME

ONE by one our loved ones travel on  
To that fair land where suffering is no more,  
And though we know that they are happier there,  
Our lonely hearts are often sad and sore.

If we could only see those pearly gates,  
And hear the Master's cheerful "Welcome in,"  
We'd think of that fond meeting by and by  
When we are cleansed and free from earthly sin.

Oh, may we walk the straight and narrow road  
That leads to our eternal, happy home,  
Where we will meet our loved ones once again  
And see our Heavenly King upon His throne.

- - -

## THE ROBIN

I LOVE the woods, I love the flowers,  
I love the birdies all;  
I welcome back the robin dear  
Who is the first to call.

He is the symbol of the spring  
Now winter's blast is o'er;  
I pray that, too, within our hearts  
Summer shall reign once more.

## LIFE

**L**IFE is full of disappointments,  
Some are great, tho some are small,  
And we sometimes wonder sadly,  
Does God really care at all?  
Some times unexpected illness  
Strikes us with a staggering blow,  
And in suffering we oft' wonder,  
Does our heavenly Father know?

Yes, He loves the little sparrows  
Twittering there so merrily,  
And He paints the wayside lily  
So He must love you and me.

More value we than many sparrows,  
So the "Good Book" sure will tell,  
Whom He loveth, He oft' chasteneth,  
But God doeth all things well.

Great reward have they who suffer  
Patiently and trusting still.  
Take fresh courage, keep on smiling,  
God loves us thro' good and ill.

Fight the daily battle bravely,  
Never falter, trust and pray;  
Though the storm clouds now may gather,  
There will come a brighter day.

- - -

## THE GOOD SHEPHERD

**O**H, I grieve my precious Saviour,  
Oft' I fill His heart with pain;  
Yet He'll never cast me from Him,  
But take me in His arms again.



*I yearn to be more like Jesus,  
To nestle more close to His side,  
And I know He would faithfully lead me  
And tenderly be my guide.*

*Oh, I need Thee, my dearest Shepherd,  
I need Thy dear strong arm  
To lean on when I am weary,  
And to keep me from all harm.*

*Jesus, my good Shepherd, lead me  
On the paths that thou hast trod;  
Never leave me or forsake me  
'Till I reach the throne of God.*

- - -

## **THE GREEDY BOY**

**A** DOUGHNUT please, dear mother,  
A doughnut give to me,  
And as he spoke so very nice,  
She gave Jim one, you see.

Then Jimmy thought he'd go outside  
And find a shady spot  
Out underneath the leafy trees  
Where it was not too hot.

But as he went along the walk,  
He paused to get his ball,  
And that great smiling Mr. Sun  
Made pictures on the wall.

"Oh, look!" cried little Jimmy,  
"That boy's a doughnut too,  
It's almost twice as big as mine,  
And that will never do."

*"Here, little boy, we'll trade," said he,  
"I'd like the biggest one";  
But as he reached his chubby hand,  
A cloud hid Mr. Sun.*

*Where had that boy and doughnut gone?  
He felt along the wall;  
But though he looked both up and down,  
He wasn't there at all.*

*Then Jimmy felt real foolish-like,  
For again the sun did shine,  
And he saw it was his shadow—  
Just his picture all the time.*

*So he thought he'd eat his doughnut,  
And he looked around for it;  
But there stood Mr. Towser  
Who had gobbled every bit.*

*So poor Jimmy got no doughnut,  
Not a single little bite;  
You see, he'd been too greedy,  
And had not done what was right.*

## JOHNNIE'S IDEAL

**G**EE, there's a girl I like to meet  
When I am playin' on the street;  
She always stops and speaks to me,  
Though I'm as dirty as can be,  
When I've been playin' in the mud  
And mother says I need the tub;  
Though she's all dressed in silk and fur,  
It doesn't make a diff' to her;  
She never turns her nose up high  
To pass a dirty fellow by.

I love her 'cause she'll always smile  
And often stop to chat a while;  
I hate the kind that sniffs their nose  
And never seem to see their toes.  
One day she dropped her hanky white,  
And nearly lost it out of sight,  
When that old wind blew it away  
And tried at "Hide and Seek" to play.  
But I just caught it there in time  
And that sweet girl gave me a dime.

Sure, when I grow to be a man,  
I'll get me married if I can,  
And if I chance to get a wife,  
A girl to live with all my life.  
I hope she'll make me apple pies  
And tend the baby when it cries.  
Not proud and stuck up like some are  
Who pass you sailing in a car.  
I hope she'll be just good and sweet  
Like her, I meet out on the street.

## BLUE BELLS

I STROLLED along a flowery glade,  
Where blue bells reigned supreme;  
I felt that they were fairies gay  
And I, the Fairy Queen.

I nested down in sweet content—  
I loved the flowery glen.  
I gazed in rapture at each bell  
And was a child again.

Sweet memory carried me afar  
To scenes of childhood days.  
I saw again each dear loved spot  
That in one's memory stays.

In fancy I could see them still,  
A little girl and boy,  
Playing in the flowery glen,  
They seemed to find such joy.

They are the little fairy's bells,  
They ring for church and school;  
The fairies, wee, are never late  
And never break a rule.

"Don't pick them, Jackie, dear," cried she,  
"The fairies would be sad  
If you should pull their church bells up  
And I'd be awful mad."

And longingly my soul cried out  
For what I could not tell,  
As sadly there I sat and mused,  
Nor plucked a dainty bell.

We were but children, Jack and I,  
And scampered midst the flowers;  
I was his princess, he my knight,  
And there we played for hours.

And then one day we quarreled, sore  
He'd plucked a fairy bell;  
No more 'twould ring for fairies wee,  
I drove him from the dell.

"I hate you, Jack," I cried in rage,  
"No more my knight you'll be,  
Because you plucked the fairy's bell,  
You cannot play with me."

And so we parted, boy and girl,  
Nor met for many a day,  
Until in loneliness I cried—  
"Come back, dear Jack, and play."

Then he came running back to me  
And kissed me, standing there,  
And said as with a laugh he placed  
A rose-bud in my hair:

"You are the blue bell that I love,  
I want no other flower;  
It breaks my heart to have to part  
With you for just one hour."

And off went he to lands afar,  
No more his face I'd see;  
"I'll never come to you," he said,  
"Unless you send for me."

And then the golden years rolled by,  
The way all time doth go;  
And we grew older side by side,  
The way all children grow.

Thus in our man and womanhood  
Sincerer grew our love,  
Surpassed was not our happiness  
Unless in realms above.

Until one day a darkening cloud  
Crept slowly 'cross our sky,  
And there we parted in our dell,  
My loving Jack and I.

My heart was sore and lonely now,  
And was I all to blame?  
Why had we parted when we loved?  
My head bowed down in shame.

I had been proud, I must admit,  
Nor send for Jack would I,  
Until among the blue bells there  
I heard that old sweet cry:

"You are the blue bell that I love,  
I want no other flower;  
It breaks my heart to part from you  
Just for a single hour."

The words beat madly on my brain  
Nor would I happy be,  
Until the boy my heart adored  
Come sailing back to me.

And so I knelt in tenderness  
And plucked a fairy bell,  
I'd send it to the boy I loved  
And 'twould my message tell.

Come back to me dear Jack, again,  
I know your heart beats true;  
I want no other thing on earth  
As much as I want you.

And then his tender message came:  
"I'm coming back, my dear,"  
And as we stroll along our glen  
Those words of mine you'll hear:

"You are the blue bell of my heart,  
I want no other flower;  
It breaks my heart to part from you,  
Just for a single hour."

And so we stroll, my Jack and I,  
Once more among the flowers;  
And there's no love that can compare  
On earth with love like ours.

And as we stroll he whispers still  
The words that touch my heart:  
"You are the blue bell I adore,  
And ne'er again we'll part."

## MY HAVEN

**I** SHOULD like to find a sheltered nook  
By the edge of a little babbling brook,  
Where leafy trees spread their arms on high  
And whisper a dreamy lullaby.

*I should love to rest my tired head  
On the tempting cool of that mossy bed  
And watch the brook on its babbling way,  
And the lapping wavelets there at play.*

*I would throw a pebble into the foam  
To serve as a boat for a water gnome,  
Or watch the silvery fish dart by  
As I lay unseen by mortal eye.*

*And I'd hear the twitter of birds above,  
Warbling their silvery songs of love,  
And feel on my face a tender breeze,  
Fluttering its way through the lacy trees.*

*Away from the wrangle and jangle of life,  
Away from turmoil, stress and strife;  
In the heart of nature's soothing balm  
I would find for my soul a refreshing calm.*

*Then I'd gaze through the green of the leafy lace  
At the billowy clouds; I'd see God's face—  
In the azure blue of the sky above.  
And I'd feel His encircling arms of love.*

*In my hallowed nook by the edge of the brook  
I would feel Him so near, I would see His kind look  
And there all alone in my haven so sweet,  
My soul's adoration I'd pour at His feet.*



## OUR WEDDING GIFT

THERE is a man named Jonathan,  
A good old friend of mine;  
Who owns a lot of horses,  
Fat cows and calves and swine.

One day I went to visit him,  
Down on the dear old farm;  
A place I always love to go,  
Away from every harm.

Says he, "Just come and see my porks,  
I've got a brand new bunch;  
They are dandies, all excepting one,  
The old one is as proud as punch."

But yonder one it is the runt,  
By Gum, it sure is small.  
I guess I'll wring its blooming neck,  
For it's no use at all."

"If you don't want that pig," say I,  
"Just hand him over to me,  
And by the fall I'll have him fat,  
Now you just wait and see."

He laughed and said, "Sure thing, old top  
You take it home tonight,  
Just slip her in your pocket  
And get her out of sight."

So piggy, wee, came home with me  
And we just fed her milk;  
So soon her little pinky coat  
Was smooth as any silk.

But piggy she was lonely,  
As lonely as could be,  
And so we got a little pal  
To keep her company.

Then day by day those porkers grew,  
Such appetites they had;  
To just obtain the food for them,  
It almost made me sad.

Then, after I was married,  
Again I met my friend;  
"Are wife and porkers well," quoth he,  
"Good luck to them I send."

"Yes, thanks, they all are well," says I,  
"The pigs are doing fine,  
And there's nothing wife likes better  
Than feeding those two swine."

"We wanted you a wedding gift  
To have, you poor old guy,  
But for the love of Mike," says he,  
We don't know what to buy."

"How many presents did you wish  
To give old dear," says I,  
"That pig was present better far  
Than any you could buy."

But I must hie me home again  
And buy those pigs more chop,  
For they have got such appetites,  
They drink it down like slop."

*"Hurrah! Hurrah!" cried my good friend,  
"A plan has struck my mind,  
Now you go to the granary  
And chop there you will find.*

*"Now every week you take a bag,  
As long as piggy has life,  
And that will be our wedding gift  
For you and your good wife."*

*"You are too good, old top," says I,  
To such kind offers make;  
But in the spirit that you give,  
Then I will gladly take."*

*Then piggy and porky grew so fat,  
From eating that good chop,  
That 'round the pen they only crawled,  
They were too fat to hop.*

*"I'd like to keep those pigs," says I,  
One night to wife at tea;  
"Just to remember Jonathan,  
But that can hardly be."*

*"Then we will ship them now, my dear,  
And with the proceeds buy  
A real nice gift from our good friends,  
Ah, that's my plan, bye! bye!*

*So with some money piggy brought,  
Our carvers came real fine,  
And our kind friends remembered are  
Each time we set to dine.*

*So please accept our thanks, kind friends,  
For our nice carving set,  
And when you come to dine with us,  
We shall show you them, you bet.*

- - -

## ONCE MORE

**O***NCE more I hear the birdies sing  
And hear the buzz of bees;  
Once more I see the buds peep out  
Upon the still bare trees.*

*Once more the fields are emerald hued,  
The flowers send fragrance sweet;  
Once more I pluck the violets dear  
That blossom at my feet.*

*Once more the babbling brook is loosed,  
From winter's icy chain;  
Once more upon the thirsty ground  
Down falls the welcome rain.*

*Once more the sun above me shines  
From summer's pleasant sky;  
Once more I see that God is good  
And feel His presence nigh.*

*And as the spring in nature comes  
And winter does depart,  
So shall the gloom all disappear  
And joy spring in my heart.*

## POLITICS

"**A**H, politics, is it my friend?"

"Yes, politics is right."

It's coming on election time,

There's sure to be a fight.

If you're quite set in your own mind

Which way you're going to vote,

There is a friend you like real well

Who'd like to cut your throat.

Some are for party, tooth and nail,

And never mind the man;

It was the way their fathers stood,

Just change them if you can.

Each party promises, of course,

To serve the public best—

"Our man can do a hundred things

Far better than the rest.

We ought to send the very best,

A man who's good and true;

A man who'd do his uttermost

To put good measures through."

And though some say: "It is no use,

He'll do no good at all;

He can't do anything for us,

His backing is too small."

Yet if good principles don't count,

And morals have no worth,

Why try to live the life Christ taught

When He was here on earth!

Now, as election draweth nigh,

Just keep a level head—

And treat opponents like a friend,

Don't treat them like a "Red."

Just vote for what you think is right,

And let the party go,

Then we shall have a better world

To live in here below.

## **RICHES**

**O**H rich man there, in your mansion fair,  
Surrounded by riches untold;  
Which would you exchange of your jewels bright  
For one little lock of gold.

You have raiment of silk and velvet and lace,  
You travel o'er all the land;  
But what would you give of your treasure hoard  
For the touch of a little hand?

You have banquets, raiment, silver and gold,  
And all that money can buy;  
Yet, with all your wealth and your treasures grand,  
You are not as happy as I.

Though humble my cottage, and low my estate,  
I hold treasures more costly than thee;  
And I would not change for a heap of gold  
That would reach far across the sea.

No, I would not give my baby's smile,  
Nor the touch of her dimpled hand  
For all the jewels in all the crowns  
In every part of the land.

## SCHOOL PALS

**Y**OU dear old pals of bygone days,  
Where are you all?

I love to muse upon those days,

Now gone beyond recall—

When we, like knights of old,

Sat there, in prison cell,

And waited for our sweet release—

"The closing bell."

Do you remember, pals, the little brook,

The brook that gurgled by the old school gate?

Where we so loved to paddle with our dusty feet.

And then the school bell rang and we were late?

And do you ever think about the mill,

The old saw mill, where we so loved to go;

At noon hour, with our shining dinner pails,

And sat there, feet all swinging in a row?

Dear Doris sat and read us story books,

And we all sat around beneath the trees,

And dreamed what we would do when we grew up,

And were as carefree as the gentle breeze.

Then we went riding in the leaky boat,

That old flat-bottomed boat upon the slough;

And Bob shook it until we laughed and screamed,

And splashed the paddle, till it drenched us  
through?

And Wilbur pulled poor little Ilo's curls,

And made her cry there, sitting on the stair,

'Till Willie came, and in a brother's way,

He dried her tears and smoothed her pretty hair?

Ah, how we loved to play "pom-pull-away,"

And rush into a small boy's outstretched arms.

Although school hours imposed such tedious tasks,

The recess held for us unwanted charms.

Then Teacher sat there in dignity,  
    Fired the questions at us one by one,  
And woe betide the boy who'd shirked his work,  
    And didn't have his lit. or grammar done!  
Then Honey'd come to me at recess time,  
    With, "Say, kid, please do let me have your book,  
To copy out those old analysis,  
    Or I'll be sure to get an awful look."

Then Ivan had but eyes for little Blanche,  
    And Edith smiled when Edgar looked her way;  
But Gordon was the boy all girls adored,  
    Oh, how we hated work and loved to play!  
Then Herman was our mat'matic star,  
    At geometry he'd always take the cake,  
But when it come my turn to prove a prop,  
    My legs began to tremble and to shake.

And then there was the hill behind the school,  
    Where in the winter time we loved to slide;  
And if we had no sleigh to ride upon,  
    Our coat-tails served to take us for a ride.  
Alas, the holes our mothers had to mend,  
    And, oh, the bumps we got upon that hill,  
But, oh, the happy hours we spent out there,  
    E'en now at thoughts of it my heart doth thrill.

Once teacher asked poor Lizzy 'bout a horse,  
    "How it lay down to take its sweet repose,"  
And 'tween our Lizzie's eyes there came a frown,  
    That wrinkled up the freckles on her nose.  
"Now, if you asked me 'bout a cow," said she,  
    "I wouldn't be in such an awful box,  
For when we drive to school we have no horse,  
    You'll see me coming with a quiet ox."



Now many of us dwell in happy homes,  
With laughing little children 'round our knee;  
But when I sit and muse upon those days,  
You all are children once again to me.  
Yes, Jim and Dave, and Honey all are there;  
And "Buck" and "Ox," and "Wingy" in a row.  
The girls all giggling down behind their books—  
Oh, memory brings you from the long ago!

There's Ivan, happy, boistrous, brave and bold,  
Has won himself in science quite a name;  
We're proud to think he was "one of our boys,"  
And we all wish him health and wealth and fame.  
'Though dentists, teachers, nurses, Drs. 'rose,  
And some remained just quietly at home.  
One thing we must remember, dear old pals,  
We all shall surely "reap what we have sown."

Now some dear pals have gone beyond recall,  
To that "Fair Land," that land of endless day;  
Though their dear forms on earth we'll never see,  
Their memory in our hearts shall fondly stay.  
Now let us not in sorrow bow the head,  
But press our lagging, weary feet still on,  
That by our footprints in the sands of time  
We shall remembered be—when we are gone.

Then, dear old pals, of happy bygone days,  
Though we dwell here and there in lands apart,  
And never all shall gather here again,  
You still shall have a corner of my heart.  
And though we never meet in this old world—  
This world of tears and smiles and hate and love;  
Let us so live each day our daily life  
That we all meet again some day in Heaven above.

## TO RUTHIE ON HER FIRST BIRTHDAY,

**I** HAVE a sweetheart baby girl,  
Today she's one year old;  
Her eyes are like dark violets,  
Her hair like fine spun gold.

Her skin is like rose petals—  
So soft, so pink and white;  
Her dimpled arms cling to my neck,  
I love to hug her tight.

She's starting out to walk alone,  
And has so many a fall;  
She clasps her chubby hands and yells—  
We love her when she's small.

- - -

## MY BABY RUTH

**T**WO darling soft little dimpled cheeks,  
Two starry violet eyes;  
Two little lips like a sweet red rose  
That pucker up tight when she cries.

Two dimpled arms like wee birdies' wings  
That flutter so fast through the air;  
Two chubby legs that are seldom still,  
And a soft wisp of golden hair.

A dear little bundle so soft and warm,  
Cuddled close to her mother's breast,  
My precious baby slumbering here,  
At last you are at rest.

**T**WO big blue eyes like shining stars,  
Two lips like a sweet red rose;  
Two chubby arms and two chubby legs,  
And dimples from head to toes.

Two cute little, pink little shell-like ears,  
A wee wisp of golden hair,  
And soft pink skin like a velvety rose—  
We love her beyond compare.

We thank the dear Lord for his precious gift,  
The gift of our baby so sweet;  
We pray that He'll always take care of her,  
For we love her from head to feet.

Two little, dear little pattering feet  
Go toddling across my floor;  
Two lips lisp in accent sweet,—  
What could I ask for more?

Two dimpled hands, how busy they are!  
Two blue eyes that twinkle with glee;  
A roguish laugh when on mischief she's bent,  
Yet how dear is my baby to me.

Oh, little darling, more precious than gold,  
Cuddled close to your mother's heart;  
I pray God you never a heartache will bring,  
Nor ever cause tear-drops to start.

## **"MY MOTHER"**

In loving gratitude for one of the best mothers  
in the world.

**W**HO held me in her loving arms  
When just a tiny babe was I?  
Who smiled whene'er she saw me smile  
And sorrowed when she heard my cry.

Who was it all through childhood days  
Just toiled and prayed by day and night  
That God would keep her wayward child  
And ever lead her in the light?

Who kissed away my aches and pains  
And through the darkness held my hand;  
Who all her pleasures set aside  
And only for my future planned?

To whose dear shoulder did I flee  
To sob away my little woes—  
My childhood quarrels and girlhood pains  
And every trouble that arose?

Who was it rose before the dawn  
Casting her comforts all aside  
That lessons hard I might prepare  
And always be her joy and pride?

Who was it taught me how to live  
And to my Heavenly Lord to pray,  
That when temptation sore oppressed  
I ready was to meet the fray?

And who would go through flood or fire  
To shelter me from every harm,  
From slanderous tongues and cruel jibes  
Or any trials that alarm?

Now since to womanhood I've grown  
And children gather 'round my knee,  
My mother, darling, I do know  
Just how you loved and cared for me.

Of all the gifts God's given to me,  
There's no gift can on earth compare  
With this, my mother's precious love,  
The feeling for the child she bare.

And who is there, my mother dear,  
Could e'er possess such wond'rous love,  
I'll never have a dearer friend  
Until I reach my home above.

- - -

### TO MY DEAR SISTER

ALWAYS a pleasant smile has she,  
Always a cheerful word;  
Never complaining of her lot,  
Never a sigh I've heard.

Although the pleasures that others enjoy  
She cannot enter in,  
She's the best old sport in this wide world  
For she faces life with a grin.

She never sits down to mope or pine,  
Or pity herself all the day;  
She is always happy in doing things  
And making life happy and gay.

## TO MY DEAR MOTHER ON HER 69th BIRTHDAY

**T**HE golden years speed by on noiseless wings  
And silvery wavelets fleck those tresses dark,  
Though careworn are those hands that toiled for me  
And worry leaves upon thy brow her mark.

Though sometimes you may think you're growing old  
When you are burdened down with grief and care,  
Remember this, dear mother staunch and true,  
To me you're ever sweet and young and fair.

And when I've reached the summit of the hill  
And slowly down the sunset slope I tread,  
If I have borne the burdens that you've borne,  
And duties such as yours I face with dread.

If sorrows thrust upon me bear me down  
And I'm inclined to shirk my duty to,  
Sweet mother darling, this shall be my prayer—  
"That I may only be as good as you!"

- - -

## MY BABY'S SHOES

**T**WO little shoes sit on my buffet,  
Wee shoes that travelled the livelong day;  
Two baby feet so tired from play  
Under the blankets tucked snugly away.

Dear little shoes look tired and worn,  
Sitting there all alone they look so forlorn;  
Cheer up little shoes, just rest till the morn,  
And baby'll come pattering out with her horn.

## TO RUBY ON HER FIFTH BIRTHDAY

**I** HAVE a jolly little girl,  
She says, "me pull of pun";  
She keeps me always laughing  
And always on the run.

Her eyes are full of mischief,  
Those darling eyes of blue,  
And yet she loves her mum and dad,  
Her little heart is true.

She buzzes like a little bee,  
Her tongue is never still;  
She teases sister terribly,  
Yet cries when sis is ill.

We love her, oh, so very much,  
This Golden Locks of ours,  
She plays out in the sunshine  
Among the fragrant flowers.

- - -

## MY BABY

**T**WO tired little eyes are closed in peaceful sleep,  
Two warm dimpled arms and two warm dimpled feet.  
A dear little body so soft and sweet;  
I pray the dear Shepherd His kind watch to keep.

Two darling wee hands folded there on her breast,  
She looks like a dear little bird in its nest;  
I am sure she is having a beautiful rest,  
The dear Lord will keep her, for He knoweth best.

**TO MY DEAR MOTHER ON HER  
73rd BIRTHDAY**

**S***LVER threads are stealing  
Through your soft brown hair,  
On your brow once smooth and fresh  
Lies a line of care.*

*Lines caused by your children,  
With their joys and tears;  
Troubles you have shared with them  
Through the passing years.*

*Though we've often grieved you,  
Oft'times made you sad,  
Yet we know you love us still,  
Whether good or bad.*

*Though the years will glide along,  
Bringing your birthday;  
To me you're just as young and sweet  
As when I was at play.*

*Today we wish you joy and peace,  
Just happiness supreme,  
For in my heart, dear mother,  
You'll always be the queen.*



## TO DEAR JOYCE

**I**T seems like a passing day to me  
Since you were a baby there,  
A dear little child in your mother's arms,  
With blue eyes and golden hair.

You were the joy of your dear mother's heart,  
The pride and delight of your dad;  
You were the fulfilment of their fond hopes,  
The first little babe that they had.

She suffered anguish that you might have life,  
Then tenderly watched night and day,  
And oft' through the long cold hours of the dawn,  
Above your small crib she would pray.

Through childhood and girlhood they cared for you, too,  
For their tender love followed still;  
And often through sacrifice to themselves  
Your cherished desires they'd fulfil.

They saw wond'rous things in store for their girl,  
In the world she would make her mark,  
For she was clever and bonny and gay,  
The pride of her fond parents' heart.

So forget not, my child, those two wonderful pals,  
Those pals of your cradle days;  
Your happiness is the desire of their hearts,  
And for it they ever will pray.

And forget not the Christ whom they taught you to love,  
Just give Him first place in your heart,  
And now, all joy to you and the boy of your choice,  
May happiness never depart.

## TO RILLA ON HER FIFTH BIRTHDAY,

**I** HAVE a precious little girl,  
She's five years old today;  
Sometimes I wish she'd not grown up,  
But always little stay.

Her hair is like the coppers bright,  
Her eyes like azure skies;  
My heart rejoices when she smiles  
And aches whene'er she cries.

She'll never leave me for an hour,  
She's staunch and pure and true,  
She'll not go back on her old ma  
As others sometimes do.

"I'll never leave you, mother dear,"  
So I have heard her say,  
"I'm going to marry daddy dear,  
And never go away."

## TO MY ELDEST BROTHER

**I**T doesn't seem so long ago  
Since you and I were there,  
Two youngsters playing side by side,  
So happy, free from care.

You were my brother strong and brave,  
I was your sister small;  
You used to love to tease me then  
And laughed to hear me bawl.

One day you lugged me off to school,  
I was so proud to go;  
I stuck close to you all day long,  
You cared for me, I know.

And I can still remember well  
How you took me about,  
And just how very vexed I felt  
When teacher bawled you out.

And then how quickly fled the days,  
Those days of golden rule;  
I didn't always use to tell  
How you skipped off from school.

And then we grew up side by side,  
You were my good pal then;  
And we drove off to Sunday School,  
Do you remember, Len?

We had a mother and a dad  
So loving, kind and good;  
How oft' we must have grieved their hearts,  
Not doing what we should.

*They set their pleasures all aside  
And toiled both day and night  
To win for us the daily bread  
And teach us what was right.*

*That we should grow up pure and good,  
It was their earnest prayer,  
And through their loving guidance then  
I found the Saviour there.*

*It made my heart beat high with joy  
To find a friend so true,  
And I was very happy then  
Thinking you loved him too.*

*The Christ who suffered on the cross  
To save our souls from hell,  
How happy were our parents then  
To think we loved Him well.*

*And then you started out to work,  
For you were eldest boy;  
And with the toys and books you bought,  
Filled my young heart with joy.*

*And as we grew to man's estate,  
We met with joy and tear,  
Who cherished us through pain and grief,  
Our parents kind and dear.*

*Our father dear has travelled on  
To that bright home above,  
And, Oh, we hope to meet him there  
With others that we love.*

*Our mother dear is growing old,  
Some day she'll leave us too,  
Oh, let us love her while she's here,  
Our mother kind and true.*

*She loves us just the same today  
And earnest is her prayer,  
That you and I, my brother dear,  
Meet her in Heaven there.*

*The Saviour who for sinners died,  
He loves you, oh so well,  
How much He'll help you if you'll trust,  
No words of mine can tell.*

*Just lift your heart to Him today,  
He's waiting very near;  
He'll keep you safe from every harm  
This Saviour kind and dear.*

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**T**HE golden sun has sunk forever in the west,  
The twinkling stars may show their silvery light;  
But till we cross the shining strand, where He has gone,  
It will to us forever more be night.

*He is not truly lost to those He loved so dear,  
He's only gone before to wait us there;  
But we shall clasp him to our heart's again,  
In that loved land where all is joy and peace so fair.*

*Oh, why should these poor hearts with pain be torn?  
Oh, why should these poor eyes so often weep?  
The Saviour said your brother is not dead,  
Our loved ones do not die, but only in Christ sleep.*

*So do not mourn for me, when I am gone,  
Dear loved ones, whom I'll have to leave down here,  
Remember we are singing 'round His throne,  
And though we seem so far away, we're near.*

## **DADDY**

**I** LOVE just to picture that beautiful land,  
That land that is fairer than day,  
Where dear ones in glory are waiting for us,  
Yes, waiting just over the way.

I can see my dear daddy, how happy he looks,  
With his two little babes on his knee,  
And I see the dear grandma's, aunts, cousins  
and friends,  
And I know they are waiting for me.

How happy they are in that "heavenly home,"  
How they sing on the beautiful shore;  
How happy we'll all be when we gather there,  
To part from our loves no more.

But the brightest spot in that glorious scene,  
The diamond, midst pearls so fine;  
Is my Saviour's blest face as He looks down and  
smiles  
And says, "Courage, poor lamb, you are mine."

"Yes, I'm Thine, precious Saviour," is my humble  
prayer;  
"Give me faith, give me strength just to be  
Where and how You want me on earth below,  
And fit, dearest Lord, to meet Thee."

## MY FRIEND

**L**ONG did she tread the rugged path of life;  
And oft' the cruel briars scratched her feet;  
But still she trudged along 'till set of sun  
Through winter's cold, and summer's burning heat.  
Her hands were hardened with unselfish toil;  
Her brow was furrowed with deep lines of care;  
Her shoulders stooped with burdens of the years,  
And silvery wavelets glistend in her hair.

Back in those early days of ceaseless toil,  
When doctors, yes, and nurses were but few,  
She went about to help and nurse the sick,  
And many acts of kindness did she do.  
And there was many a lad in far-off France,  
Looked at his feet and breathed a silent prayer,  
For her who thought of him though far away  
And knit while he was fighting over there.

Quite often she would travel down my way  
And always with her bag upon her arm,  
Filled with the little gifts she loved to bring,  
Just gifts of love she'd carried from the farm—  
Sometimes 'twould be strawberries she had picked,  
Gathered out there beneath the scorching sun,  
And sometimes treasures from her garden store,  
To share with others gave her endless fun.

Her careworn hands at last are laid to rest;  
Those hands hardened with long years of toil.  
Her feet no longer tread the thorny path;  
Those feet that travelled long this earthly soil.  
But we shall not forget the deeds she's done,  
Her memory lingers—her acts of love,  
And though we meet no more in this old world,  
We hope to meet her there in Heaven above.

*She followed in the path her Master trod—  
The lowly Carpenter of Galilee—  
And went about as He did doing good,  
Our Saviour, Christ, who died for you and me.  
So when our golden sun has sunk to rest  
And we are called to live in realms sublime,  
May parting leave a memory such as her's,  
Just foot-prints in the sliding sands of time.*

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## MARCELLA

**T**HE sweetest gift that God has given  
Are little baby faces;  
There is no other thing on earth  
Can ever take their places.

We thank Him for the birds and flowers,  
And for the sunshine—may be,  
But most of all we thank Him for  
Our little darling baby.

And may her life in fragrance sweet  
Just blossom like a flower  
That in celestial gardens grow—  
In God's own holy bower.



## TO A DEAR FRIEND ON HER 72nd BIRTHDAY

**I** AM sorry I can not be with you  
To help you celebrate this day of days,  
But these few lines I'm sending now—  
"Sweet peace within your soul and joy always."

Now, many years ago, a happy school girl,  
But speeding years made you a blushing bride;  
The passing years brought motherhood's sweet season,  
A baby boy, his mother's joy and pride.

Then many years of toil, entwined with pleasure,  
Tho' illness often marred your sunny hours;  
Remember this dear friend, the rugged thistle  
Makes us but more appreciate the fragrant flowers.

Years are but milestones in our life's rough journey;  
And tho' they multiply, why should even we care?  
Old time can never change the soul within us,  
Tho' he may flick with silver thread our hair.

Why should we fret, tho' lines may mar our features,  
The form be stooped or faculties be dim;  
Man looketh unto man's outward appearance,  
But our dear Master on the soul within.

Then keep, dear friend, a glad, courageous spirit,  
And face your conflicts with a courage true,  
That when the battle's won, the struggle ended,  
"Well done, my child!" the Lord will say to you.

**T**HEY are not dead who have loved our Lord,  
They have only travelled on  
To that dear home in glory,  
To swell the Angels' throng;  
And we will join them some day  
And with the Angels sing;  
If we follow in His footsteps  
And strive to serve our King.

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### DEDICATED TO AN EX-PUPIL

**I**T seems to me like yesterday  
Since you were there at play—  
A little laughing, care-free maid  
So happy and so gay.  
To me you were a model child  
When you were there at school,  
Who always gave her teacher joy  
Nor ever broke a rule.  
And now in girlhood's garden fair  
You blossom as a flower—  
I pray that God may keep your life  
As fragrant as a bower.  
And as to womanhood you grow,  
Remember this, my dear:  
The Saviour walks close by your side  
To counsel, guide and cheer.

**DEDICATED AFFECTIONATELY TO  
MR. ALEX L. SINCLAIR**

(For thirty years Superintendent of the Baptist Sunday  
School, Swan River, Manitoba.)

**H**E *threw his torch to another  
And quietly went his way;  
He who had tried so earnestly  
His Master's will to obey.*

*For thirty years he patiently served  
In Church and in Sunday School,  
Always so faithful to his task  
Of teaching the golden rule.*

*Trudging through rain or sunshine,  
Through winter's frost and snow;  
Always there at prayer meeting,  
Everything else must go.*

*A very obliging neighbor,  
Always a friend in need;  
Ever stretching a helping hand,  
Doing a golden deed.*

*Putting his Master always first,  
Other things would come;  
He now has earned his Father's praise  
And will hear Him say "Well done!"*

*He threw his torch to another,  
And quietly stepped aside;  
Sadly he felt that his task was done,  
But bravely he smiled—not sighed.*

**GREETINGS TO A FRIEND  
ON HER 86th BIRTHDAY**

**N**OT sweet sixteen, but eighty-six,  
For this is your birthday;  
And still you're bright and smart as when  
You were quite young and gay.

We wish you joy and peace, dear friend,  
On this your day of days;  
We hope you'll keep on smiling  
And happy be—always!

It isn't ever what we've got,  
But what we are, you see,  
That really counts and makes us fit  
For our eternity.

With Jesus ever in your heart,  
You'll always happy stay;  
Again we wish you joy and peace  
On your eighty-sixth birthday.

## TO A FRIEND IN THE VALLEY OF SHADOWS

**W**HENEVER *your heart is lonely,*  
    *Whenever your heart is sad;*  
*Jesus is waiting to cheer you,*  
    *Jesus will make you glad;*  
*Jesus can understand you*  
    *When no friend on earth knows how,*  
*So tell all your troubles to Jesus,*  
    *Tell Him all your sorrows now.*

*Just whisper and He can hear you,*  
    *He's standing so close by your side;*  
*Give your whole heart to His keeping,*  
    *He loves you and He'll be your guide.*  
*There's nothing too small to tell Jesus,*  
    *He is full of compassion and love;*  
*He will fill your soul with His sunshine*  
    *And fit you for His bright home above.*

## LOOKING BACK

**T**HE years of understanding onward press  
And I can see the error of past years;  
My heart has ached at things that I have done—  
The memory of them often bring the tears.

What sorrow foolish words and actions cause,  
Just thoughtless words or deeds that cut and sting.  
What weaklings are these fragile frames of ours  
That sever friendship over such a thing.

But, as Apostle Paul, I look not now,  
I just press on toward that hallowed goal,  
Forgetting heartaches, sorrows, worthless things,  
I reach toward the Saviour of my soul.

I look not back upon the by-gone days,  
Those days when hearts were so disturbed and sad;  
But I look back upon those golden days  
Where everything you did just made me glad.

## A CLOSING PRAYER

**I** *If I should reach those Pearly Gates  
Where many wavering feet have been,  
Oh, open wide Thine arms of love  
And let Thy weary child come in.*

*Remember not my selfish deeds—  
My unkind thoughts or words—so free;  
But wash me in Thy cleansing blood  
And let me dwell, dear Lord, with Thee.*

*Please pour Thy cup of healing balm  
Upon my loved ones left behind,  
That 'neath the shelter of Thy wings  
Their lonely hearts shall solace find.*

*Dear Father, bless my little lambs,  
Thy followers may they ever be—  
That when they tread the homeward way  
Together we may dwell with Thee.*

*And, Father, turn the erring sheep  
From selfish paths of worldly sin—  
That when they reach these Pearly Gates  
They too may hear Thy sweet "Come in."*

**NOTE:** This poem was composed and written  
just three days prior to the last illness  
of Arva M. Mortimer.

## A PARTING WISH

**D**EAR friends, please do not gaze upon my  
cold, cold clay—  
But think of me in warmth of happy  
health;  
And give your hearts to Christ right now,  
and pray,  
For in Him alone you will find eternal  
wealth.

ARVA M. MORTIMER.

August 31st, 1935.









